

## CHARIVARIA.

A RECENT demonstration of a French invention has proved the possibility of running trains in our streets. We must confess that we are not astonished that our birth-rate should be constantly falling. We can well understand timid people being afraid to be born in these days.

The First Lord's admission that on the 13th inst. there was only one effective battleship in home waters leads one to doubt, after all, the wisdom of laying up the L.C.C. fleet in winter.

To the delight of everyone who is bored by the Thaw trial the differences between Mr. THAW's counsel have been settled without a reference to the Hague Tribunal.

It is again rumoured, by the way, that *The Daily Mail* is about to amalgamate with *The Police News* and to adopt the title of the latter.

A report is going about (said to be traceable to Mr. ZANGWILL) that the Government's proposals for the reform of the House of Lords will include the assignment of a large number of seats to the Suffragettes. The only alternative to this concession would have been to build special Suffragettes' wings to our prisons, and the present Government is nothing if not economical.

Meanwhile a procession of the Lords (weather permitting) in their robes and coronets through the streets of London is talked of. They are realising that, to arouse popular sympathy, modern methods must be employed.

Pluck is not such a common quality nowadays that we can afford to pass it

by without noticing it. We therefore take off our hats to *The Daily Chronicle*, which published a leader the other day in favour of Patriotism, thereby risking the withdrawal of the support of many of its admirers.

The public having shown a fondness for dialect novels, *The Daily News* is

Doubts continue to be expressed as to the authenticity of the recently discovered portrait of SHAKESPEARE. Mr. HALL CAINE does not consider it half good-looking enough.

Although the attack by Mr. ROWLAND HUNT on Mr. BALFOUR caused considerable annoyance in official Unionist circles, the offending member is not to receive attention from the Party whips.

We cannot help thinking that many of those ratepayers who are taking exception to the provision of luxuries in workhouses are ill-advised, for there can be little doubt that, if the L.C.C. goes on with its present game, all of us who are not of the so-called labouring classes will be bound to go there one day.

HACKENSCHMIDT, the wrestler, was summoned at the Brentford Police Court last week for detaining a geyser belonging to the Brentford Gas Company. He did not appear, and an order was made that he should give it up. Some anxiety is expressed lest he should refuse to.

A feature of the internal decoration of the new Old Bailey is a fresco wherein there appear likenesses of Cardinal VAUGHAN, Lord HALSBURY, the Chief Rabbi, and Archbishop TEMPLE. The fear is now entertained that the presence of these dignitaries may have a regrettable effect in attracting others.

Be that as it may, the arrangements inside the new Old Bailey are so lavish and comfortable that those connected with the establishment feel confident that a better class of prisoner will now be obtained. It is even proposed that only those of British birth shall be allowed to use the new palace.



Impatient Golfer (to opponent, who has had shocking luck all the morning). "BUCK UP, OLD MAN, I WANT MY LUNCH. WHERE ARE YOU NOW?"  
Opponent. "IN A HOLE MADE BY A WOMAN'S HEEL."  
I. G. "WELL, GO ON, KNOCK IT OUT! THIS IS NO TIME FOR SENTIMENT!"

shrewdly attempting to cater for this taste in its columns. "The Earl of GRAND," we gather, is a Cockney nobleman, for he was described by our sprightly contemporary in a recent issue as a "Lord in Witing."

The appeal for funds for Cambridge University, in order to place its function as a teaching centre on a more satisfactory basis, has astonished many past and present Blues who had no idea of its deficiency as a seat of learning.

### A FREE FOOD ORGY.

*Addressed to the Members of the coming Colonial Conference.*

From the gates of the dawn and the twilight  
(Whatever this patter implies),  
With a song in your mouths, and a sky-light  
Of patriot mirth in your eyes;  
Over oceans that, raging or rippling,  
Now harrow, now hearten, the tum,  
By the seas that are seven (in KIPLING)  
O brothers, I take it, ye come!

Representing the manifold muster  
Of worlds that are throned on the wet,  
Scorched scarlet in maps by the lustre  
Of a sun that refuses to set;  
From "Our Lady of Snows," from the burning  
Hot geyser's ebullient spa—  
A prey to quinquennial yearning,  
Ye come to confer with Mama!

Made wise by our WINSTON and others  
Ye shall glean an Imperial view  
On the duty ye owe to your brothers,  
As distinct from their duty to you;  
How the lands of the moose and the wombat  
Must furbish their arms of defence,  
To assist, at our call, in the combat,  
And blow the initial expense.

Ye shall learn that your Britain, the Larger,  
Exists for the good of the Less;  
Any hint of the price ye would charge her  
The Chair will be prompt to suppress;  
He will ask: "Is it fit that the fetters  
Of Love should be tarred with a taint  
Of the manners of duns with their debtors?"  
And airily add: "No, it ain't."

O, foiled in your filial ardour!  
How fast your illusions will fail  
When the cost of an Englishman's larder  
Alone is to count in the scale!  
Worse still! for your reason will reel at  
This solace attached to the snub:—  
They are going to give you a meal at  
The National Liberal Club!

O. S.

### THE CONFEDERATE SPEAKS.

My mother has told me of fields, meadows, and hedges; but I have never seen them. She has told me also of guns, and dogs, and ferrets, and all the perils of the warren life; but of these I know nothing too. It is very unlikely that I ever shall; for I am in love with my art, and will not abandon it until I must. My mother says I must before very long, because I am growing so fast; but I mean to keep small. I shall eat very little; I eat hardly anything now. I couldn't bear to change this wonderful career.

This is my second winter, and I go into his pocket quite easily still. Why should every one grow big? There are dwarf men; why not dwarf rabbits?

My mother says that when I am too big I shall just live in a hutch all day and see no one. But I would not do that; I would die sooner. It is very easy to die if you want to.

What sort of a life do you think I should have if I could not help my master, but *knew* that another was helping him instead? That would be the terrible part. Once it happened to me, when I was ill and my brother went to a party for me. I suffered agonies all the evening. I seemed to hear

the children laughing, and see them all open-mouthed with amazement and rapture when he was pulled kicking out of the empty hat. It was terrible. I lay there sobbing and biting my claws. But it was all right when he came back, for I heard my master saying to his wife that *Tommy* (that is my brother's name) was a fool. "Too heavy, too," he added, and then he brought me, with his own hands, a new crisp lettuce to see if I could eat again, and I ate it all, and have never been ill since.

I daresay if I was an ordinary stage conjuror's rabbit I could bear old age better. But we do not do that, we go to children's parties. There is all the difference in the world.

You have no idea how many children I see. And to hear them laugh; that is the best! I hear them laugh all the time, but I see them only for a minute or two. You must understand that until my trick comes on—and it is usually a late one—I lie all comfortable, although quivering with excitement, in my basket. I can't see, but I can hear everything. Of course I know exactly what is happening, although I can't see it. I know the order of the tricks perfectly. Now he's catching money in the air. I say to myself. Now he's finding an egg in a little girl's hair. Now he's passing cards through his body; and so on. And then comes the great moment when I hear him say, "For my next trick I shall require the loan of a hat. Can any one oblige me with a tall hat? As this is a rather messy trick, I don't care to use my own." They always laugh at that; but they little think what those words are meaning to a small black rabbit in a basket, and how my heart is beating.

Then the trick begins; first my master takes out of the hat a great bunch of flags, then heaps of flowers, then Japanese lanterns, and then a wig. I must not tell you how this is done, but I know; and I must not tell you how or when I am put into the hat, because that might lead you to think less of my master's magic; but after the wig has been taken out and they are all laughing there is a moment... Then my heart seems to stand quite still. When I come to myself I hear my master say, "Excuse me, Sir, but you carry very odd things in your hat. I thought the wig was the last of them; but here is one more." I cannot see the children, but I know exactly how they are looking while he says this—all leaning forward, with their mouths open and their eyes so bright. And then my master takes hold of my ears, pulls me up with a swift movement which hurts a little, but I don't mind (mind!), and waves me in the air. How I kick, how they scream with delight! "Oh the little darling!" they cry. "Oh the sweet!" "The pet!"

How could I give this up? What has life for me without my art?

Sometimes when we are performing in a small house where there is no platform the little girls make a rush for me and seize me from my master and hug me and kiss me. I have been a good deal squeezed now and then; but I know it is because I have done well. If I had not kicked so bravely they would not be so eager to hold me and love me. It is homage to art. But my master soon takes me from them and puts me in my basket again. I am afraid he has rather a jealous disposition.

### One of our New Rulers of the Transvaal.

We fought till KRUGER's power was broke;  
We solved a problem hard as nuts;  
Now all our efforts end in smoke—  
Here comes the rain of SMUTS!

### "Age cannot wither her."

"GIRL wanted, smart, about 71, for housework."

*Glasgow Evening Citizen.*



FOR THIS RELIEF NO THANKS.

MR. R. M'KENNA (*the good fairy*). "MY POOR SUFFERER, I AM COME TO FREE YOU FROM YOUR FETTERS!"  
DR. CLIFFORD (*still passively resisting*). "OH, DON'T SAY THAT! I DO SO LOVE BEING A MARTYR."

[It is stated that the new Minister of Education is to introduce a Bill that will remedy the grievance of the Passive Resister.]







Hostess. "OH, PROFESSOR, HAVEN'T YOU BROUGHT YOUR WIFE?"

Professor. "THERE! I KNEW I'D FORGOTTEN SOMETHING!"

### LOVE'S MEDIUM'S LOST.

[By discovering that bacteria abound in blotting-pads, *The Lancet* has broken yet another of the few remaining links between sanitary-minded lovers.]

DORA, when the leech was less in fashion,  
Doubtless you recall how we two mugs  
Nursed our not ineligible passion  
On contagious tears and septic hugs.

Crude those raptures doubtless were, yet heartfelt;  
Still we gave them up, when first my suits  
Fostered *micrococci*, and your smart felt  
Toques contained a dépôt for the brutes.

We decided on the handshake—chilly,  
Yet approved till then by scientists—  
Meeting, as we murmured, "'Ware *bacilli*!"  
With a top-speed clutch of tender fists.

Then the hand became diphtheria's hot-house;  
Those who took its palm deserved their doom;  
That reduced us to "Hullo!" or "Dor, how's  
Life with you?"—we dared not cross the room.

Later, doctors after much disputing  
Proved how mutual *morbi* hopped at sight;  
So we parted, I to Upper Tooting,  
You to Brixton, saying, "Dearest, write!"

So I did, till reading lately, "Think well!  
Danger hides in these unwholesome fads;

Proud bacteria, prancing round the ink-well,  
Preen their plumage in absorbent pads."

Thus did Science, smashing every scheme laid  
To connect the hearts of lovers true,  
Find tuberculosis in our cream-laid  
Correspondence—and we stopped that too.

Oft I've dreamed of sending birds, say swallows  
(Which are cheap) to twitter of my love;  
Yet the microbe (who knows where he wallows?)  
May infest the beaks of the above.

CAN MARCONI save us from the fever?  
While I wafted airy songs, the germ  
Might come floating in through the receiver  
(Is receiver, though, the wireless term?)

One means only offers us a few tricks,  
Madly though the *schizomycete* raves;  
Telepathic thought's no typhus-nutrix—  
Darling, let us meet in mental waves.

"How old are you?" asked Judge EDGE of a plaintiff at the Lambeth County Court. "Twenty-one, Sir," was the reply. "How long have you been in business?" "About eighteen years, Sir." "Began when you were three years old, then," Judge EDGE remarked.

*Daily Express* ("World's Happenings.")

WE have worked the sum out on paper and are in a position to corroborate the result of His Honour's remarkable mental calculation.

### A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

*Musical London. Our Melodious Metropolis.*

IN no respect has the progress of London been more remarkable during the last twenty years than in the sphere of music. As Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE recently remarked in one of his Gresham lectures, the love of instrumental music is now so universal that you seldom meet even a sandwichman who has not a band on his hat. But a reaction is already observable, and within the last few years more than one of our leading concert halls have been turned into restaurants, and a project is even now on foot for filling the arena of the Albert Hall from the Round Pond and converting it into an annexe of the Bath Club.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

*The Music Schools of London.*

Still London remains a nest of song, and a visit to one or all of the three great musical schools—the Royal Academy of Music in Tenterden Street, the Royal College in Kensington Gore, and the Guildhall School on the Embankment—will amply repay the exertion.

We spoke just now of the competition of music and gastronomy, and it is on a practical recognition of this fact that Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE bases the curriculum of the Royal Academy of Music. Realising that at any moment the claims of harmony may yield to those of appetite, he and his staff lay themselves open to equip their pupils in both directions, combining plain chant with plain cooking, and high culinary *bravura* with transcendental vocalism. So too in the instrumental classes, which are always under the supervision of a *chef d'attaque*. As becomes a patriotic Scot, Sir ALEXANDER attaches great importance to confectionery, and the Tenterden Cake Walk is always a welcome feature at the pupils' concerts. In accordance

with a judicious rule, the students are obliged to taste the dishes they have concocted, but to guard against any untoward results Professor BANDEGGER is always in attendance to render first aid. As a result of this humane and enlightened method of education, there is a constant demand in Greater Britain for the services of pupils trained at the Royal Academy.

The Royal College is also conducted on the principle of alternative education, but here the second study is that of motoring, a pastime to which the Director, Sir HUBERT PARRY, is passionately addicted. It may not be known that one of his earliest efforts was a masterly

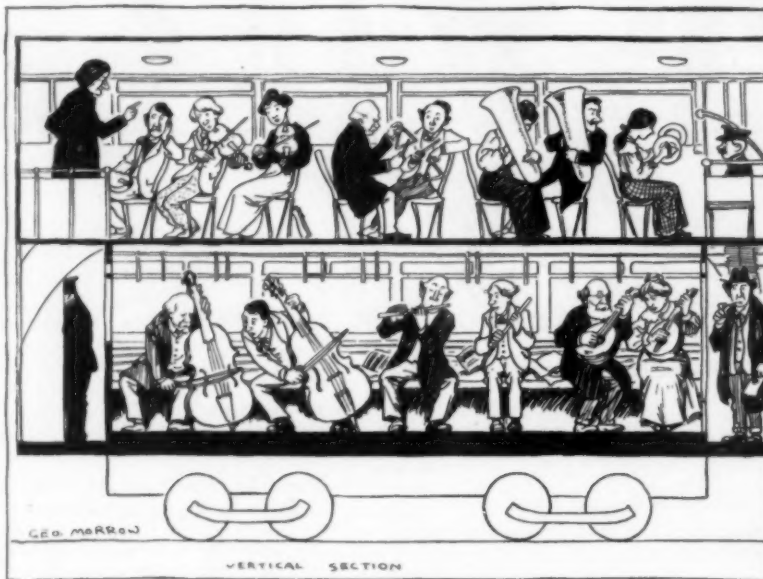
The Guildhall School, as is well known, suffers from a plethora of pupils, and until recently the lack of adequate accommodation was a constant source of anxiety to the gifted Principal, Dr. W. H. CUMMINGS. Fortunately the enterprise of the London County Council came to the rescue, and the superbly roomy vacuum trams on the Embankment are now habitually utilised for lessons and classes, with results which are equally appreciated by pedestrians who frequent that thoroughfare and by passengers on the great metropolitan waterway. The conductors, it is needless to add, are now exclusively supplied by the Guildhall School.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

*Pupils and Prodiges.*

When the pupils of the schools and academies just described have completed their education, they go off to Germany, France, Italy, America and Australia to display their talents, thus generously leaving the home market clear for foreigners. Different districts of London, as we remarked in a former chapter, are frequented by different nationalities, the Russian colony specially affecting the neighbourhood of the Queen's Hall, where Mr. HENRY J. WOOD, when not attending the sessions of the Duma, caters generously for the

tastes of his Muscovite clientèle. No one can traverse Great Portland Street without noticing the capillary development of the inhabitants of that thoroughfare, or the number of shops devoted to the sale of caviare, vodka and other Russian condiments. And while our country cousins are exploring this exotic neighbourhood they should not fail to visit the *Wunderkindergarten* which has recently been opened on the basement of the Queen's Hall, where prodigies of all races and all ages, from four to forty, are instructed by Professor OSLER in the art of defying the ravages of time. Here you may see precocious youths of nineteen, sumptuously arrayed in velvet suits with lace collars, playing with dolls, trundling hoops, or discharging popguns with the most abject and infantile nonchalance.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.

STUDENTS OF THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC HAVING A MORNING LESSON IN AN L.C.C. TRAM-CAR ON THE EMBANKMENT.

setting of BROWNING's beautiful lyric "*Pip-Pippa Passes*," and of his larger works none has attained a greater celebrity than his "*Blest Pair of Sirens*," dedicated to Master PETER PANHARD and Madame DAIMLER. Sir CHARLES STANFORD shares his chief's enthusiasm for the internal combustion engine, and has recently purchased one of the new Renault road motor-trains, on which he travels every day from his home on Campden Hill to Prince Consort Road, to the mingled delight and consternation of the *élite* of Kensington Gore. Every pupil attending the Royal College must bring a knife and tuning-fork, a motor coat, a pair of goggles, and a tin of lubricating oil. At the last operatic performance the work chosen was BIZET's beautiful *Auto Carmen*, in which the pet rôle amongst Royal College students is of course that of *Mercédès*.



## IN THE POLICE COURTS, 1910.

At the Westminster Police Court, MARTIN CARTER, aeronaut to the Marquis of STIRKDALE, surrendered to his bail. The prosecution was instituted under the 5th section of the Act of last year, and the accused was charged with having wantonly, and to the inconvenience of divers persons, discharged gas from the Balloon No. 2358 L. It was proved that on June 15 the prisoner set down the Marquis on the Terrace outside the House of Lords. The constable on duty then requested him to move higher up, but he refused and threw open the valve of his balloon. The House of Commons was invaded by an enormous volume of gas, and as four Irish Members happened to be speaking at the time a horrible explosion was averted by the merest accident.

The Magistrate said that competition of this kind was perfectly intolerable. He fined the prisoner ten pounds, and directed the conviction to be endorsed on his licence.

JAMES BRISTOWE was charged before Mr. PLOWDEN with negligence in the management of his balloon. There was a second charge of drunkenness, but it was withdrawn, as the police admitted that the prisoner had only been "slightly elevated."

DANIEL MURPHY deposed that on Wednesday evening he and his wife were engaged in an argument in the middle of the road. The prisoner was drifting past on his way to deliver a batch of evening papers. Moved by curiosity he lowered his balloon, and the grapnel became entangled in Mrs. MURPHY's clothing, so that she was raised into the air and carried off.

*The Prisoner.* Was she beating you when I arrived?

*Murphy.* Yes.

*The Prisoner.* Did I bring her back to you, absolutely uninjured?

*Murphy.* Ye did, bad cess to ye!

Mr. PLOWDEN said that the prisoner's cross-examination had disclosed a terrible state of things. The prisoner was an inhuman monster, and penal servitude was the only punishment for such refined cruelty. Unfortunately nothing could compensate Mr. MURPHY for the restoration of his spouse. The prisoner must go to gaol for six months.

ARTHUR BEGGS was summoned by Miss PRISCILLA RAVENWORST for having attempted by fraud to extort more than his legal fare. On Wednesday afternoon the prosecutrix engaged the prisoner to drive her in his taximeter aeroplane from Queen's Road, Bayswater, to the House of Commons. At the end of the journey he demanded ten shillings. When the lady protested, he pointed to



## THE NEW ACT.

*First Second Horseman.* "I WISH I WAS OUT OF THIS!"

*Second S. H. (Irish).* "BEDAD, YE WON'T BE LONG! AND IT'S A POUND A WEEK FOR LIFE IF YE'RE KILT!"

the dial of his taximeter, which registered ten miles. It was ascertained that the prisoner had risen great heights into the air while crossing Hyde Park, and thus had deliberately increased the mileage on the register. Mr. PLOWDEN said that it was a bad case of fraud. The prisoner said he intended no harm. He was only "taking a rise out of the lady."

*Mr. Plowden.* That's as aeroplan as can be. (Laughter.)

*Prosecutrix.* He kept me late for my appointment. It was most annoying. All the arrests were over when I arrived, and while my colleagues are in Holloway I am by this man's action obliged to remain at liberty.

*Mr. Plowden.* You have no vote as yet?  
*Prosecutrix.* No.

*Mr. Plowden.* Discharge the prisoner. As one of the parties has no vote in making the laws, I, as magistrate appointed under the laws, have no jurisdiction.

WRITING of the hansom cabman, SIGMA in the *Daily Chronicle* says:—

"He is at least a living being, and will keep his dashing vitality as long as he has a box to sit on; while the chauffeur, who is to supplant him, has about as much animation as a screw-driver."

On the other hand the hansom cabman often is a screw-driver.

## BEHIND THE POSTS.

(With acknowledgments to "Linesman" of "The Daily Mail" and to "The Pall Mall Gazette.")

## FORECASTS BY OUR FOOTBALL EXPERT.

THIRTY-TWO teams are engaged to-day, and fully sixteen results may be confidently looked for. Furthermore, it is not too much to expect that some changes, perhaps serious, perhaps not, will take place in the League Tables.

Should Woolwich Crooks repeat their last season's victory over Blackburn Roosters they will not be creating a precedent.

High Peakaboos, almost wooden-spoonists, may not win to-day, seeing that they have to meet the League leaders on the latter's ground. More we cannot say.

In the local Derby between Sheffield Split and Sheffield Monday Afternoon, anything may happen—nor should we be astonished if it did.

In their last match with Millwall Gaol, it will be recalled, West Ham Sandwich scraped a narrow victory by one goal. The margin may not be quite so much to-day.

against an unusually brilliant defence, and at intervals exhibited quite superior play. The referee, whose use of spectacles attracted universal notice, was obviously ill-advised in awarding twelve penalties to Millwall Gaol, all of which provided lucky goals. Taking this fact into consideration the score at half-time—one goal each—represents the average level of the play.

Fulham Arrows, who are making so bold a bid for the Southern League Championship, may go far to-day. At any rate they will take a lot of beating.

Northampton Cobblers are struggling desperately for points, and it remains to be seen whether they will get any to-day. At any rate it is scarcely possible that they will obtain fewer points than at their last defeat.

## THE RESULTS REVIEWED.

The number of results (definite or otherwise) in yesterday's games were just what our readers were led to expect.

Woolwich Crooks deserve the fullest possible credit for their fine win, a result very gratifying in view of what we said yesterday.

High Peakaboos failed to win, but nevertheless they deserve praise for their creditable draw. We plainly hinted at some such result in our remarks yesterday.

It is indeed—as we may have remarked before—the unexpected that always happens in football, and, but for our warning, few would have anticipated the victory of Sheffield Split by one goal to nil.

The surprise of the day was undoubtedly the victory of Millwall Gaol over West Ham Sandwich by fourteen goals to one. Statistics, however, are proverbially uncertain; and the truth is that the Sandwichmen struggled manfully against an unusually brilliant defence, and at intervals exhibited quite superior play. The referee, whose use of spectacles attracted universal notice, was obviously ill-advised in awarding twelve penalties to Millwall Gaol, all of which provided lucky goals. Taking this fact into consideration the score at half-time—one goal each—represents the average level of the play.

Fulham Arrows were palpably at a disadvantage owing to their execrable play. But that scarcely explains their defeat by ten goals to nil. However, they certainly did take a lot of beating.

The Cobblers failed again; but what else could be expected of such a team? We need scarcely add that they again secured the minimum points.

Should a draw ensue between two such fine defensive teams as Plymouth Aberdeen and Hottentotspsurs it is quite on the cards that no goals will be scored by either side.

Last year, it will be remembered, 'Gainsboro' Duchesses scored a great victory over Leicester Fossils by seven goals to one, and in the early part of the present season the latter triumphed over their former victors by an exactly similar score. It is, therefore, quite possible that either team may win by an appreciable margin to-day.

The fact that Hottentotspsurs were enabled to break the strong defence of Plymouth Aberdeen and score a goal was largely due to the fact that the latter's goalkeeper met more than his match for once. But as Plymouth Aberdeen also scored from a penalty the resulting draw occasioned no surprise—not to us, at any rate.

A fine match, full of keen play, was seen between the Duchesses and the Fossils. The latter scored the winning goal from a penalty just on time, thus abundantly justifying our predictions.

## THE WISDOM OF THE BLACK FRIAR.

## OF CONVERSATION.

## I.—OF HIM THAT TALKETH.

If thou art the talker, oh my son, remember that the true aim of conversation is the revealing of all thy innermost thoughts and the making of thy soul intelligible to the many. Talk much, therefore, and long, and let thy discourse be about thyself for the most part.

If any man interrupteth thy speech, raise thy voice slightly and keep thine eye averted. If that other still harasseth thee with vain interruptions (be sure that any interruptions of thy speech are vain) raise thy voice still more. If thy voice be the louder thou shalt prevail, but if his voice overcometh thine thou shalt shrug thy shoulders as being one of the gentler sort and unable to strive with them that are rough and rude.

Talk for thine own pleasure. If a reminiscence pleaseth thee, spare not the theme but tell it at length. Cut not irrelevant details and familiar platitudes out of thy discourse, for know this well, that if thou shouldest confine thyself to topics that are both novel and interesting thou wouldest by no means be able to do all the talking thyself.

Tell me a thing that is more noisome than that.

## II.—OF HIM THAT HATH TO LISTEN.

If it be thy misfortune to be the listener, remember that the true aim of conversation is the Interchange of Ideas. Make it thy business that if there be no Ideas there be at any rate enough of Interchange.

For this purpose note the man that would speak at length, and if he pause even for the space of a second see that he be interrupted. By whom should he be better interrupted than by thyself? Nay, even if he pause not at all he may nevertheless be interrupted. Thou mayest have no mind, but hast not thou a tongue and a pair of lungs? Use these, my child, with assiduity.

When he that talketh uttereth an opinion, say *sotto voce* (which, being interpreted, means just so loud that he heareth thee as it were unintended), "But behold, he is but a youth," or "But condemn him not of folly, for he is an old man and to be excused."

If he laboureth his opinion with great detail and proveth





Caller. "SO SORRY TO HEAR OF YOUR MOTOR ACCIDENT."

Enthusiastic Motorist. "OH, THANKS, IT'S NOTHING. EXPECT TO LIVE THROUGH MANY MORE."

Caller. "OH, BUT I TRUST NOT!"

beyond a doubt the truth of his assertion, answer with the air of a friend who would concede everything to him but is withheld by too nice a regard for the truth:—"Yea, there may be something in what thou sayest."

Finally, in all thy conversation remember this if thou wouldest be one of thy own generation: Thou shalt talk thyself, but other men shall only remark yea or nay, and that not too often lest they become garrulous.

#### OF MOTOR-OMNIBUSES.

If by a combination of circumstances thou shalt overtake a motor-omnibus that is broken down, regard it as a personal triumph of thine own. Smile knowingly at the driver of thy horse-omnibus and say to him, as one that shareth a grievance:—"Lo, doth it not serve them aright?"

Let it not weigh with thee that on ninety-nine occasions out of a hundred thou dost take a motor omnibus thyself, and on the hundredth dost only refrain because there is no motor-omnibus at hand to take.

#### OF EDITORS.

My friends, be Editors what they may, it is expedient that he that writeth aught should keep in their good books. Therefore, what I think of Editors I will tell thee another time, and that in thy private ear.

#### TOBY v. LION.

[Major POWELL-COTTON was protected from the assault of an infuriated lion in Central Africa by a copy of *Punch*, which is said to have afforded protection to his abdomen.]

THE wounded lion with a lusty roar  
Advanced to drink the gallant Major's gore;  
But suffered great confusion when he felt  
An unexpected *Punch* below the belt.

Sportsmen! herein I find a happy omen  
Good for the deadly need of your abdomen.  
Would you defy the foe upon his treks,  
Wear *Punch* for armour, *Punch* for *æs triplex*.

ACCORDING to the *Manchester Guardian*, Mr. ASQUITH recently said:

"If after declarations of that kind my right hon. friend or any of us were, because of these clumsy taunts about Home Rule, to recede from the position we then took up, to fold our arms, and try to put the Home Rule question on the shelf—and there is no more difficult operation on earth—etc., etc. (Ministerial cheers)."

It really sounds quite difficult.

#### A Generous Offer.

"MOTOR BOAT. 8 h.p., carry 8. Will sacrifice immediate purchaser."



### A THIRST FOR—INFORMATION.

*Our Social Reformer.* "WHAT WE WANT, MY FRIENDS, ARE LESS OVER-CROWDED SLUMS, LARGER VILLAGES, MORE PLEASURE FOR THE WORKERS, AND LESS DRINK."

*Villager.* "WELL, SIR, BUT 'OW ARE WE TO 'AVE MORE PLEASURE IF WE 'AS LESS BEER?"

### TO THE ELECTORS OF LONDON!

If you have made up your mind how you are going to vote, be Progressive in making your way to the polling booth, but—

Be Moderate in the number of X's you make or you will spoil your card.

Remember that if the Moderates secure a majority on the new Council the Progressives will be very angry.

You wouldn't like to meet a very angry Progressive, now would you?

Well then!

If, however, the Moderates don't win, they will certainly be *frightfully* sick!

You wouldn't care to see a *frightfully* sick Moderate, would you?

Of course not!

If you read half the things you believe—I mean if you believe half the things you read—in the Yellow Press (especially in the Pink Portion), you cannot hesitate.

Again, if you believe half the things you read in *The Daily News*, you cannot hesitate.

But, supposing you read *both* sides (and are still at large), and believe a *quarter* of the things you read about each Party?

Ah! Well now we can advise you!

If you really believe that the Progressives and the Moderates consist of a delightful mixture of Expert Liars, Robbers, Children-blinders, Faked-Account-manufacturers, Wastrels, Trumped-up-Scandal-mongers, and Greedy Electric-Trust Magnates, then we advise you

NOT TO VOTE AT ALL!

For, if nobody voted, nobody would get in.

Then there would be no rates.

Which would be grand!

FROM *The Cork Constitution's* report of the PREMIER's speech:

"Well, I have never been very valuable (*sic*) on the question of Free Trade, because my views are well-known."

This makes Mr. BALFOUR out extremely precious.

"Another supporter gave high praise to the production of *Othello*. 'I was so affected by it that I had to retire. I had had enough. That is the essence of good acting.'"

*Manchester Guardian.*

So, then, really good acting is much commoner than we thought.

### The Marriage Market.

#### SHOCKING REVELATIONS.

Mr. Punch had always heard the various women's weeklies well spoken of by ladies of his acquaintance, several of whom had assured him that when you got past the advertisements you did actually find the editorial part in the middle. His enthusiasm fired by these tales, Mr. Punch determined to explore for himself, and accordingly obtained a copy of *The Queen*. When at last he did arrive (as previous travellers had averred he would), blushing but triumphant, at the literary matter inside, what was his horror to find that the first article to meet his eye was:

"Hints on hunting for girls with small allowances."

"Disgraceful!" said Mr. Punch, and he returned hastily to his *Spectator*.

"The question of 'vestments' or dress, therefore, does not involve doctrine; for, as was urged yesterday by the Bishop of WINCHESTER, symbolism in dress belongs to a comparatively late age—the age of HONORIAS and of ALCAN." *Morning Post.*

WE know the latter gentleman very well, and the form in hats (say) that his symbolism takes; but who is HONORIAS?



### THE SECOND-OF-MARCH HARE.

HARE. "WELL, IT DOESN'T MUCH MATTER WHICH GETS ME; THEY BOTH WANT MY BLOOD!"



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## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 18.  
—There are two things the House of Commons delighteth in. One is youth; the other ingenuousness. Combination



"HEIR TO THE DUKEDOM OF NORTHUMBERLAND."

"The Lords represent the deliberate judgment and opinion of the country."—*Earl Percy.*

in an individual is irresistible. Earl PERCY possesses the dual charm. Exhibited to-night with full effect. Rose from Front Opposition Bench to move official amendment to Address. It lamented that the Government, supposed to be entering the stage with both hands full of social legislation, should wantonly turn aside in pursuit of revolutionary changes such as Home Rule and reform of House of Lords.

Naturally the heir to the Dukedom of Northumberland devoted chief part of his speech to defence of House of Lords. Later *ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL* put the case in the nutshell of an epigram. "The arguments of gentlemen opposite amount to this," he said; "that, whenever the Lords threw out a Liberal measure, there ought to be a General Election. That meant annual Parliaments when the Liberals were in power; septennial Parliaments when the Tories had a majority in the Commons."

Earl PERCY, nothing if not impartial, admitted as "broadly and historically accurate" the assertion that the Lords threw out more legislation proposed by Liberal Governments than by Conservative Governments. But that was only because they represent the deliberate judgment and opinion of the country. Ministerialists broke in with shout of boisterous laughter. Like his ancestor at Chevy Chase—or was it the other gentleman?—PERCY, though keeping his

legs, stood "in doleful dumps" regarding the hilarious crowd.

What were they laughing at? He had made his assertion with the utmost gravity. Not a furtive smile, much less a wink, suggested sarcasm or irony. He seriously meant, as he solemnly said, that the House of Lords, dealing with legislation submitted to them, were in disposing of it actuated solely by consideration of the highest interests of the people. That through a period extending with brief interval over twenty years they had never rejected a Bill submitted by a Unionist Government, and that in the first Session of a Liberal Ministry they had wrecked two important measures was incontestable. It only

proved that Bills having birth in Conservative Cabinets were more in unison with the real wishes of the nation than were those which saw the light under Liberal auspices. *Q. E. D.*

A delightful speech, marked by that hard hitting enjoyed nowhere more than in the quarter attacked.

*Business done.*—Amendment to Address, moved from Front Opposition Bench, negatived by majority of 263.

*Tuesday night.*—Often heard talk of *Hamlet* being played in absence of *Prince of Denmark*. Realised to-night all arrangement means. Question of Tariff Reform turned up once more and, to regret of men in all parts of House, *DON JOSÉ* still tarries in his sick chamber.



THE STONE-AJAX DEFTING THE GLACIER.

"I wish that my lot had been cast in a simpler age . . . I think the time may come when I shall be endeavouring to prevent hon. gentlemen opposite being swept away by a Protectionist flood."—*Mr. Balfour on the Fiscal Question, Feb. 20.*

No more striking tribute to his strong personality, his commanding presence, could be forthcoming than was incidentally presented. By his empty place on Front Opposition Bench sat PRINCE ARTHUR. There are, as we know, few things that lie nearer to his heart than Tariff Reform. He said so a year ago and, up to the eve of the opening of the Session, was so affected by its present position that he could not trust himself publicly to recur to the subject. Even now, when brought forward in form of amendment to Address, he shrank from having it moved from Front Bench.

Accordingly it was left in charge of Mr. HILLS, who entered the House last year as Member for Durham City. Mr. HILLS is, to tell the truth, not so uplifting as his name. At considerable length he read a paper on the subject, the performance succeeding in emptying the House long before he reached his "Lastly"—word more blessed than Mesopotamia.

Thus it came to pass that, looking up to the HILLS whence cometh our help, we Tariff Reformers suffered disappointment. Gloom of the sitting not wholly due to prominent part played by Member for Durham City. As not infrequently happens, the piece was spoiled by the performance being dragged over two nights. No one on either side will assert possibility of saying anything new on subject. Funeral baked meats coldly furnish forth other than marriage tables.

Had the feast been limited to a single sitting, the absence of nutrition would have been less marked. Old Parliamentary instinct, common to all Oppositions, of insisting on having two or more nights allotted for discussion of controversial questions of a particular class, prevailed. What, comprised within space of eight hours, might have been a brisk rally, a lively fight, became a succession of dreary speeches stuffed with what CARLYLE, not having fear of Serjeant-at-Arms in his mind, called thrice boiled colewort.

Still, had debate been so limited, we should not have had ROWLAND HUNT on his legs. ROWLAND, a Unionist beyond reproach, had made up his mind to give PRINCE ARTHUR an Oliver in rebuke of his alleged supineness on Tariff Question. In the solitude of his study wrote down a few nice things which he proposed to read to House. Not pleasant to rag Commander-in-Chief in his presence and in face of the common enemy. If ROWLAND could get a look in whilst PRINCE ARTHUR still dallied with dinner, it would be more agreeable all round.

After long waiting opportunity came. During earlier part of night PRINCE ARTHUR remained at his post. At outset he gallantly assumed attitude of the

late Lord CHATHAM who, with sword drawn, stood waiting for Sir RICHARD STRACHAN, on this occasion represented by C.B., whose views on question of Tariff Reform PRINCE ARTHUR a week ago declared himself dying to learn. But he is, after all, almost human, and, as the dreary repetition of familiar argument and illustration dripped from the HILLS and elsewhere, the martial attitude gave place to limpness of figure, look of undisguised boredom.

Just before eight o'clock with temporary resumption of briskness he went off to dinner. Now was ROWLAND'S time. He, too, felt the calls of hunger, and weakly retired; but when he returned the Leader's seat was empty. JESSE COLLINGS was on his legs explaining that he was "still a Free Trader," but the country, which had just returned the largest muster of Free Traders ever gathered at Westminster, "did not enjoy Free Trade."

At last ROWLAND'S hunt was successful. He caught the SPEAKER'S eye and, producing his notes, went ahead. Just got as far as the cheery remark that "the heaviest drag on the wheel, the man who really did more than anybody else to hold back the policy of Colonial Preference," was his esteemed Leader. A shout of laughter, a roar of hilarious cheering interrupted him. Looking up, he beheld PRINCE ARTHUR lounging in from behind the SPEAKER'S Chair.

Here was a pretty go! Abruptly to discontinue would be cowardly. To vary the line of his prepared speech impossible at a moment's notice. Only thing to do was to go straight on. Proceeded to do so with lugubrious remark, "I have got myself into hot water."

After this *divertissement* of a good man struggling in a pan of hot water, debate relapsed into dullness.

*Business done.*—Still on Address. Positively last night but one. Address to be got out of the way to-morrow, and then, after lapse of a week and a day, over-worked House will really begin business. It's a way we have at Westminster.

*Friday night.*—Notable absence of Ministers from Treasury Bench; generally accounted for by circumstance that sitting was occupied by business in charge of private Member. That not wholly the case. Fact is the Local Government Board are sitting at Whitehall, and as the occurrence is rare, if not unique, there is full attendance there.

Considering the parochial character of work committed to the Board, its constitution has been framed with exceptional care. It includes the Lord President of the Council (Earl of CREWE), the Lord Privy Seal (Marquis of RIFORD), Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (Sir EDWARD

GREY), Home Secretary (Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE), Colonial Secretary (Lord ELGIN), Secretary of State for War (Mr. HALDANE), Secretary of State for India (Mr. JOHN MORLEY), and the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. ASQUITH).

By virtue of his presidential office, Mr. BURNS took the Chair. The proceedings, carried on in private, were prolonged. It is understood they will have considerable effect upon parishes, metropolitan and provincial, with populations exceeding 5,000. The President was so gratified with the proceedings that he expressed a hope that the meeting might take place weekly. The suggestion was agreed to *nem. con.*

*Business done.*—Deceased Wife's Sister Bill dropped in on annual visit. For old stager she looked very fit.

### THE MINSTREL TO HIS MUSE.

AWAKE, my stubborn Muse, awake!  
Put off this nasty attitude;  
Get up, and give yourself a shake;  
Come out and work, for goodness' sake.  
I want some food.

I do not urge a heavy claim.  
I know you coy, and swift to cool,  
And most capricious; all the same,  
Isn't it time you played the game,  
And not the fool?  
Here I have themes from which to choose,  
And humorous conceits *ad lib.*,  
Matters, I say, that any Muse  
Could tackle in a brace of two's;  
And yet you jib.

O Muse, for ever wandering free,  
Cannot you keep the thing in bounds?  
Bethink you what it means to me;  
While you remain an absentee,  
I'm losing pounds.

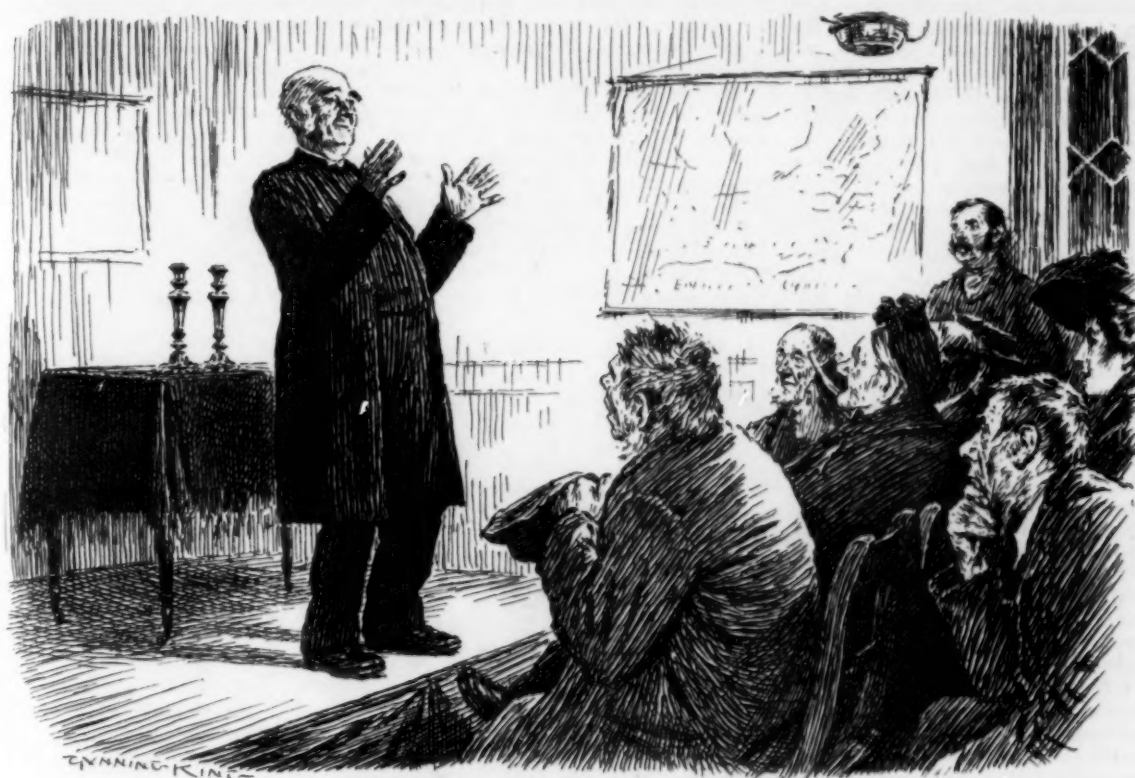
Each morning, flushed with vain desire,  
I breathe a prayer, and buckle to;  
All day I twang a barren lyre,  
And chuck the proceeds in the fire—  
Which doesn't do.

Then come, sweet truant, come! Be good!  
And ease me of this direful slump.  
I cannot force you if I would;  
Begad, I only wish I could!  
I'd make you jump!

Come out; and ere another day  
Breaks rosily over yon grave East,  
Grant me a profitable lay:—  
Come, gentle Muse! *Come hup, I say,*  
*You hugly beast! DUM-DUM.*

Now that it has been officially announced that Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S income has never (in spite of many cruel rumours to the contrary) exceeded £4,000,000, *The Daily Telegraph*, we understand, proposes to proceed with its shilling testimonial.





## OUR RECTOR RECEIVES A PRESENTATION.

"MY FRIENDS, YOUR KINDNESS HAS FOLLOWED ME THROUGHOUT MY SOJOURN IN YOUR MIDST, BUT NEVER TILL NOW HAS IT OVERTAKEN ME!"

## FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—JOSIAH having to come here on a brief business-visit, your BLANCHE positively elected to come with him and sample the States. If JOSIAH ever was a boy, it happened *here*, you know, and I believe his *first* fortune was made here, though all the others were made in as many different parts of the world. He doesn't care to talk of his obscure origin and early struggles, and I'm sure I've no curiosity on the subject. Of all bores and horrors the *worst* are those fearful boys who've tramped bare-foot from somewhere, with only a half-penny, or a cent or something in their pockets, and have begun by sweeping out an office till somebody told them to leave off.

NORTY, who's been here and everywhere else, said to me before I started, "If you want a thumb-nail impression of the States, Girlie, here it is: From the time you steam up the Bay, interview Liberty Enlightening the World (as to Trusts, Tammany, and Tinned-Goods), and step ashore, to the time you quit, you seem to be always in a hustling crowd, always going at full speed, and with bells ringing all round you."

It goes without saying that I was received with open arms by Society in New York and Washington, and that I met lots of familiar faces.

The *New York Trumpeter* had both our portraits (JOSIAH looked simply most awful in his!) and a heading, in letters as tall as your finger, "Jos MULTIMILL revisits the Land of his Birth with Beautiful Titled English Wife, whose Ancestor was one of the Barons that forced JACK to grant Magna." And *The Up-Town Eavesdropper* published an Interview with me (*entirely* invented, my dear) called "British Society Leader airs her Views on our Women and Girls."

I don't say I've not got my views on the subject, but I'll tell them to no one but my DAPHNE.

This country is sometimes called the Paradise of Women, and the name's all right, if putting us always in front and giving us everything, almost before we ask for it, makes our Paradise. But it doesn't. In our hearts, all we women like to find our master, and, supposing we care for a man *at all*, we never like him so well as when he looks terrible and shouts, "I forbid you to do so and so!" It's such fun *then*, you know, to go and do it! And *that's* a joy the

American wife don't know. She never gets the chance to quote those lovely words of CHAUCER's, "Fie, fie, unknit that something-or-other brow."

In short, Female Columbia, with all her vaunted perfections, would be a *nicer* and even *happier* person for an occasional spanking, and it's her sub-consciousness that she needs it and will never get it at home that, in my opinion, leads to her marrying abroad so often.

The American Woman dresses well and spends big money on it, but she's no national originality that way. When she's tailor-built, she's Bond Street—when she's fluffy and frilly, she's Rue de la Paix; and a *translation*, you know, never has quite the *verve* and force of the original. The Gibson Girl struck a national note, perhaps, but it was a *physical* not a sartorial one—the poise of the body, the swing of the hips, the tilt of the chin, and the droop of the eyelids. Her vogue seems to me to be over. She doesn't live on Fifth Avenue now. Poor girl! she poises, and shrugs, and tilts, and droops, as a waitress or a store-clerk!

I've made a special study of the "buds," as they call them here, girls who made their first appearance at

"débutante-teas" and other mild kick-ups, before Christmas. When Miss COLUMBIA is pretty, she's all right, with the exception of her voice. But you may take it from me, my dear, that she isn't pretty any *oftener* than the girls of other countries, and it's all their brag to say she is. And, pretty or plain, there's an air about her of "I am the correct thing in girlhood," an evident conviction that she is *absolutely*, which makes a mere European person smile! I can tell her, though, that more than one of her own countrymen has confided to a certain person that his ideal of female charm is *British!*

Myself, I consider the *men* here to be both *better-looking* and *nicer* than the women, though it may be only my point of view. I've met some American boys who are quite nice, and can make love very prettily. I don't say any of them compare with—well—NORTY, for instance. There's an eagerness, a strenuousness, a *worth-while-ness* about even the best dude of the lot that isn't quite good form. It's the taint of *work*, you know, for, though he may have been "reared in the lap" and have done nothing all his life, his father or grandfather (if he runs to such a luxury) worked hard at railways, or pork, or oil, or something, while NORTY (and I too) come of a race that, except in war-time, has done nothing for *centuries!* It has its drawbacks, though. It's led to NORTY marrying Aunt GOLDIE, and my having to take JOSIAH MULTIMILL.

The other night I went to one of the dog-parties they're so fond of here. On the whole, I thought the doggies were too loudly scented and wore a little too much jewellery. If only I had had my darling Pom-Pom to chaperon! In his black satin evening coat, with his diamond studs, and just a soupçon of *parfum d'amour*, he'd have left the field standing still.

The "Teddy Bear" craze gets no sympathy from me. I think it positively *risky*, though I've had to go to some "Teddy Bear" parties. The VANDOLLARBILTS' "spook party" was quite a success. I believe I rather distinguished myself, and CLINTON K. VANDOLLARBILT looked simply *deliciously* ghastly in his winding-sheet. The dance programmes, shaped like tombstones, were quite an idea.

There are several things I admire in the American Constitution—rocking-

chairs for one, and easy marriage-laws for another. My dear child, of all the United States, the *Marriage State* seems the *least* united!

They're such funny people here for going to law. Half the population appears to be always going to law with the other half. If Americans *have* a distinctive national dress, I should say it's a law-suit! Meeting JACK FLUMMERY and his American wife in Washington, I stayed with them, while JOSIAH went down to some place called Troy, or else Rome, where, I believe, he was born;

dered breathless by genuine amazement or excitement shall be supplied with brandy at the expense of the player responsible for the spasm.

4. A break of less than 100 shall be called "A minor run."

A break of between 100 and 200 shall be called "A useful item."

A break of over 300 shall be called "A magnificent compilation," and the player of this last shall be said to "startle the realms of cuedom."

5. Any player who is responsible for more than six consecutive magnificent compilations shall be liable to be struck by his opponent with the butt end of the cue.

### SUFFRAGETTE.

Sur l'air de "Ninette."

"Lorque je vis Ninette  
Pour la première fois."

QUAND je fus suffragette  
Pour la première fois,  
Je m'acquittais d'un dette  
Que tout le monde doit.  
Pour sauver la patrie  
J'entrai au parlement,  
Et joyeus'ment je crie,  
En montant sur un banc:

Suivez, suffragettes,  
Suivez-moi!  
Voyons si l'on rejette,  
Rejette, rejette,  
Voyons si l'on rejette  
Des femmes comme moi.

Quand je fus suffragette  
Pour la deuxième fois,  
Un policeman me guette,  
Homme de mauvais foi!  
Je cri', "Vivent les femmes,  
Ell's voteront un jour,  
Ell's chanteront la gamme"—  
Mais il disait toujours:

Viens, ma suffragette,  
Viens ce soir,  
Là-bas que je te mette,  
Te mette, te mette,  
Là-bas que je te mette  
Au violon ce soir.

"Billingsgate is, in consequence, up in arms, and, should the project be persisted in, it is feared that an sgOugu .wsRcoastpk shrdl shrdlrdshrdlrdsh outburst of language may ensue such as this country has never yet heard."—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

Not bad as a sample. Try again.

### Honour where Honour is due.

THE overwhelming majority secured by the Boer Government (how the name takes us back to the dear old times!) is described by the Correspondent of *The Daily Chronicle* as "a triumphant vindication of Liberal policy."



Schoolmaster. "WHY DID YOU STAY AWAY FROM SCHOOL, FRANKIE?"

Boy. "ME MUTHER BRAWKE 'ER ARM."

Schoolmaster. "BUT WHY DID YOU STAY TWO DAYS?"

Boy. "SHE BRAWKE IT I' TWO PLA-ACES!"

and he came back with *three* law-suits on his hands!

How is that for high, ma honey?

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

### REVISED RULES OF BILLIARDS.

(For Students of Journalese, and others.)

1. ANY professional player may be described as "A Knight of the Cue," and the oldest of them as "The Doyen of the Green Cloth."

2. Any player who excels in nursery cannons may be said to "coax," "cajole," "coddle," or "tickle the ivories," or cause them to "obey the magician's wand."

3. Any spectator who may be ren-



Young Wife. "WHY DO YOU ALWAYS SIT ON THE EDGE OF THE CHAIR?"

Husband. "WELL, MY DEAR, YOU KNOW WE'RE BUYING THE FURNITURE ON THE HIRE SYSTEM, AND THAT'S ALL I FEEL ENTITLED TO!"

### THE ESCAPE.

(Vide "The Face and How to Read it," by Miss A. I. Oppenheim, F.B.P.S.)

I WORSHIPPED her. My office pen each day  
From ten to one and three to five (or thereabout)  
Traced on blue forms impassioned odes to MAY,  
The only girl I ever seemed to care about.  
By night—but why waste words? You will agree with me  
I was a goner: it was all UP with me.

At length I screwed my courage up. I thought,  
Suspense is worse than death—I can't endure it.  
While shyness strikes me dumb, she may be caught,  
For all I know, by some unblushing curate.  
Curates have somehow such a winning way with them,  
I shuddered at the prospect of a fray with them.

In haste I left the office, Balham-bound,  
For there my matchless MAY had made her domicile;  
Frock-coated, gloved—none fairer had been found  
Since Phœbus first was seen arising from his isle.  
Sweet in my hand a bunch of rare Spring violets,  
And in my head some neatly twisted triolets.

I chanced to pass a bookstall, chanced to see  
A slender tome—ah, me! for all that came of it!  
I little thought what change 'twould bring to me—  
The Face and How to Read it was the name of it.  
I bought it, rather grudging what I spent on it,  
But in a moment I was quite intent on it.

Tip-tilted noses—MAY's, I thought, is such—  
Mean pertness and unmaidenlike audacity;  
A fulness of the lids—MAY's have a touch  
Of fulness—shows inordinate loquacity;  
Lips curved like MAY's denote a boundless vanity.  
Her shell-like ears incipient insanity.

Below her wisdom teeth, where faithful jaws  
Ought to expand, MAY's take the wrong direction,  
Sure sign, according to these certain laws,  
That she would prove unstable in affection;  
In fact, to me they clearly seemed to indicate  
She'd only be content to wed a syndicate.

The angle of her brows appeared to show  
A tendency to everything she shouldn't do;  
The colour of her iris let me know  
That there was nothing villainous she wouldn't do.  
'Twere madness truly not to banish from my side  
A dimple indicating love of homicide.

I closed the book—fled homeward. What a fate  
Awaited him who trusted his economy  
In simple innocence unto a mate  
With such a crime-connoting physiognomy!  
Next day, with joy that almost grew hysterical,  
I heard she was to marry something clerical.

THE NEW SPELLING.—"Please help the Unemployed. Any kind of work excepted."



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN the Mr. HENRY JAMES of these later days puts forth a book the public knows what to expect. There will be an almost irresistible literary charm in the writing. The sense of the reader will be appealed to by a suave and shrinking delicacy of treatment, a coy desire to keep him soothed while the master displays his wares, and comments in a detached and careless manner upon their merits. Nothing will be definite and precise, for in Mr. HENRY JAMES'S scheme of things definiteness becomes the equivalent of brutality and precision seems to be the mark of a Philistine. *The American Scene* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is an admirable example of what I may call the latest Jacobean style. America is the country of sharp outlines and violent contrasts. The rush of its people, the barbaric quality of its mixed architecture, the exultant untidiness of its landscape, the clear crispness of its atmosphere—all these strike on the lazy European with an explosive force and often shatter his powers of appreciation. But Mr. HENRY JAMES is kind. He wraps the scene in a pearl-grey haze through which his imagination, that whimsical sprite, leads us on a course of mild adventures. Here and there we glance for a moment at some hideous, heaven-piercing building of New York; and, again, we are off to Boston to linger about the State House with its gilded dome and to lament in Beacon Street over the changes that have disfigured the metropolis of Puritan faith and intellectual aspiration. The America we thus visit is not the America we know. Nobody ever knew such a country. It exists in the mind of Mr. HENRY JAMES and nowhere else; but for that very reason it is an interesting country, and we may be glad to have made the voyage under the guidance of a leader whose vagueness is more attractive than the downright truths with which others have regaled us.

In *Growth* (from CONSTABLE'S) I read  
Of how the strife of creed and creed  
Envelopes folk beyond the Tweed  
In wordy war-mists,  
Who doubt the heaven-directed lead  
Of Nonconformists.

The tale is full of human stuff,  
That's livened up with just enough  
Of Scotland's language in the rough  
To take you through it  
Without a glossary to puff  
The sense into it.

The author, GRABAM TRAVERS—she  
Who's known as MARGARET TODD, M.D.—  
Has certainly, it seems to me,  
A gift for fiction.  
(My stanza form 's from BOBBIE B.,  
Though not my diction.)

In *White Fang* (METHUEN) Mr. JACK LONDON has written the story of a dog who began life as a wolf and was converted by love into a genuinely canine hero. I cannot disguise from myself that objections may be urged against Mr. LONDON'S treatment of his theme. Its psychology is not convincing, for the essence of the canine soul is its direct simplicity, and Mr. LONDON'S *White Fang* is not without his complications. Moreover, in spite of the loving care with which his character is described, he remains to the very end a shadowy figure, now looming gigantic into combat and victory, now shrinking, cowed and submissive (but always with a snarl), beneath the lash of some human oppressor. Still, with all deductions made, it is a strong and impressive

story, epically conceived and carried through with unflagging interest. If you grant Mr. LONDON'S point of view and abandon yourself to his method, you will be carried along without a moment's pause to the very end of the story. So, at least, it has been with this grateful reader, who, though he thus hints a fault or two, has no hesitation in saying that the nobility and humanity of the book set it far apart from the ordinary stories of convention.

JAMES BLYTH conceives and carries hot  
Throughout his book, *Amazement* (LONG),  
A plan to show a morbid spot  
At which our social scheme goes wrong;  
And having reached the final par  
(Seven lines) his wrath takes righteous flame  
At Church, Divorce Court, Registrar—  
The things he reckons most to blame.  
On every sordid fact he dwells,  
Probing it through and round about,  
Puts in each single point that tells,  
And some that would be better out;  
Indeed, he writes with such a zest  
I'd doubt, but for that final par,  
If he were really much distressed  
That things are as he says they are.

When an author says that his heroine was "the most beautiful girl that *Rupert* had ever seen," I, for one, am quite prepared to believe him. In fact I go one better than *Rupert*, and picture her the most beautiful girl in the world. Again, if I am told that *Rupert* himself was a famous contortionist (say), I do not hesitate to take the author's word for it. In any case I have no opportunities of judging for myself. But it is a different matter when the author speaks of *Rupert* as a humorist, an orator, or as just a very charming fellow. Then I do demand some sort of evidence in support of the claims made for him. This is where Mr. HARRISON G. RHODES, the author of *Charles Edward* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), is not altogether convincing. *Charles Edward* himself may have been "inimitable," "incomparable," "wonderful," as he is called throughout the book; but Mr. RHODES is, if I may say so, not quite big enough for the task of proving these allegations. However, *Charles* is at any rate a pleasant fellow; and his adventures (after the manner of *Prince Florizel*) make amusing reading. The drawings by Mr. PENRHYN STANLAWS are worthless as illustrations, though there may be some who will admire them as impressions of the "Stanlaws girl."

*The Heart that Knows* (DUCKWORTH) should properly have been called "The Hearts that Don't Know." For the two hearts (male and female) which Mr. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS immolates in its pages showed an exasperating want of knowledge of each other's thoughts. The man so little knew the woman who was to be the mother of his child that he believed her to be false on the testimony of a forged letter, and proceeded to desert her for twenty long years and all but the last two pages of the book; and the woman—well, of course she didn't know why, poor soul. There was nothing to guide her. Till her nineteen-year-old son brought his foolish father back home across the seas she lived in a state of complete ignorance both as to his whereabouts and his thoughts, the butt of all the unkind tongues in the Canadian village which she called home.

THE Western University of Pennsylvania proposes to confer the degree of Litt.D. on Mr. MOBERLY BELL. This is a little hard on Mr. HOOPER, after all that gentleman has done for American literature lately. But perhaps his English L.S.D. is enough for him.